

One of the City's Own

HERE were ructions in the counting-house of Tatterton & Dewhurst. One or two junior clerks had received a more or less well-deserved "wiping," and there was a general feeling of gloom to follow.

At last a small office boy entered the clerk's office and said in a shrill voice:

"Mr. Redbolt is to go to the governor at once."

There was a mischievous grin on the young gentleman's face, as if he knew what was coming, and most of the others, delighted at their own escape, chuckled, like many people do when some one else is in trouble.

Joe Redbolt turned just a shade paler when his name was called out, as if he, too, anticipated serious trouble, but he set his lips and stiffened his back, like a man who is going to make the best of a bad job.

"Good-by, Redbolt, dear!" said some body, with an unpleasant sneer.

"The governor gives you a rise, don't forget to stand drinks!"

"Redbolt looks worried!" murmured the cashier.

"Perhaps she has refused him after all," remarked another.

A moment later he was in the private office.

Young Mr. Dewhurst, who had managed the business since the death of his father, gave him a furtive look as he entered, and then turned hurriedly to a bundle of correspondence by his side and selected a letter with an air of malicious satisfaction.

The two men formed an odd contrast. They were of about the same age—28 or perhaps 30—but it required no great insight to perceive the difference in their characters.

Redbolt was tall, straight-built, and frank-looking; his principal was small, insignificant and obviously one of nature's sneaks.

One could imagine Redbolt being foolish, but never cowardly; one could imagine Mr. Dewhurst being sly, but never generous.

The interview was unusual; there seemed to be something in the background about which neither man spoke.

Mr. Dewhurst was clearly master of the situation, and resolved to use his power; his managing clerk looked self-reliant, but perfectly respectful and polite.

The ball was opened by Mr. Dewhurst unfolding a cantankerous complaint from an unimportant customer. It was the merest trifle, and quite unworthy of the occasion. Nevertheless, Joe Redbolt was by no means surprised at the tone adopted. For some time past the smallest opportunities had been seized for fault-finding, and he knew by instinct that the climax had been reached.

"How do you account for this blunder?" said Mr. Dewhurst suspiciously.

His clerk gave a simple, straightforward explanation, which, to a reasonable man, would have been sufficient.

But Mr. Dewhurst was not in a reasonable humor.

"It appears to me, then, that you are not in any way to blame, Mr. Redbolt?" he said cynically.

"I think not."

"You never make a mistake?"

"Not very often."

"Who is to blame, then?"

There was a moment's silence, and the two men looked into one another's eyes.

"You are, sir," said Redbolt, respectfully. "I acted under your instructions."

This appeared to give the unworthy little tyrant his opportunity.

"You are more than half impertinent!" he said roughly.

"I give you my word I didn't intend to be so," said Redbolt, with perfect good temper.

"Perhaps not, but I'm tired of it. You forget your proper position, and have crossed my will in several ways."

Mr. Redbolt colored rather painfully, and his principal continued, with a smile of spiteful triumph:

"You understand what I allude to?"

The clerk bowed slightly.

"Then I think you had better look about you for this situation."

"Shall we calculate the month from last Monday?" inquired Joe Redbolt, in a perfectly even, matter-of-fact voice.

"Eh, yes," said Mr. Dewhurst. "But I won't ask you to continue your work here."

With that he pushed across the table a little pile of coins, which had been counted out already, clearly showing that he intended to make the first to make use of the opportunity.

For the first time Joe Redbolt looked angry. It was adding insult to injury to send him away adrift at a moment's notice, as if he had disgraced himself.

It was the more outrageous because he was a distant connection of the Dewhursts by blood. The two young men had been for a short time at school together. They had entered the counting-house, and Redbolt had worked his way up by sheer ability, under old Mr. Dewhurst's eye, to a responsible position.

Naturally, they knew the same people, and to some extent visited the same houses, and it was in this way that Dewhurst's inherent jealousy had ripened into positive rancor—for that there was a member of the fair sex at the bottom of it is almost obvious.

The innocent cause of the trouble, little dreaming of the mischief she was creating, had thoroughly enjoyed the rivalry of the two men, as every daughter of Eve is bound to do, and she had not made it quite clear which of them was to be favored, which is certainly a woman's privilege.

But Joe Redbolt was generally believed to be the lucky man, and Dewhurst had vented his unmanly spite in a thousand annoyances in the office.

However, in love, as in war, it is the unexpected that often happens. Joe Redbolt proposed, and was refused point blank.

Now most men, when they see a dangerous rival put out of court, bury their animosity and even become generous.

But this was not the case with Fred Dewhurst. Petty annoyances developed rapidly into daily insults, until, one morning, as we have seen, he had

an excuse to cut his former school fellow adrift.

Joe Redbolt picked up the pile of coins, counted them deliberately and put them in his pocket.

"Now, Fred Dewhurst," he said huskily, "we are no longer man and man, so that I can say what I think."

Dewhurst looked rather alarmed, and drew a small silver bell nearer to his side.

"Oh, don't be frightened!" said Joe, with a smile of astonishment. "I'm not going to thrash you! It wouldn't be fair to hit a man your size!"

Mr. Dewhurst tried to sneer, but only looked mightily relieved.

"I want to tell you what I think of you," said Joe.

"Go on!" said Dewhurst, with a grin. "Seeing that you've had the worst of it all through, I suppose I must mind a few spiteful words!"

"I want to tell you that the meanest and I've met, and if that poor girl married you I'm sorry for her!"

"In fact, you're so sorry," said Dewhurst, "that you'd even marry her yourself! Capital! And, now you've said enough, I'll wish you good-morning."

With a mighty effort of self-restraint, Joe pulled him self together, and, resisting the impulse to knock him down, swung out of the room.

He had lost everything—the girl he loved and the means of earning his living. He was alone in the world, with no friends, and had only been prevented by his feeling of obligation to his old friend's business. Now he was free!

That settled it. Old England was in need of help from men such as he. He was as sound as a bell in wind and limb; he had done his turn at volunteering and could shoot more than a little.

Within half an hour his name was entered as one of those who were ready for service at the front, and he was ordered to go before the doctor.

That gentleman laughed at him.

"If we get 1,400 men as fit as you are," he said, "we shall do well!"

Having successfully passed all the tests, and been duly enrolled as one of the city of London imperial volunteer corps, he felt slightly easier in his mind.

At last the final moment came. He had attended the service at St. Paul and sung the national anthem until surprised at the tone adopted. For some time past the smallest opportunities had been seized for fault-finding, and he knew by instinct that the climax had been reached.

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A NEW OCEAN FLYER.

Ship Which Is Expected to Cross in Two Days.

English Inventor Confident That His Vessel, the Yours Truly, Will Accomplish This Feat—Its Peculiarities.

From Southampton to New York in two days is the latest dream of fast ocean transportation. The suggestion sounds idle, but John Richard Hudson, the Sheffield inventor, says it can be done, and is preparing a boat to be called Yours Truly to prove his contention.

Where those obsolete greyhounds as the Deutschland and the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse have but two propellers each, Yours Truly will have 14, seven on each side, with about 60 feet between each set.

When the old steamers have the shaft horizontal the Hudson's will enter the side at a long slant forward, inward, and upward at an angle of about 30 degrees. The old-fashioned boats dig a great hole in the water like a deep railway cutting, but Yours Truly will be compelled, by its set of propellers, to rise in the water ten or 15 feet, according to the speed, and as a result the inventor claims it skims and shoots forward as fast as he likes, all the great power being converted into speed, and not in wasted churning or driving thousands of tons of water away for miles.

When Yours Truly wants to stop, the propellers, being reversed, drag it back into deep water. The inventor claims the boat will not roll or capsize. The motive power is to be electricity.

One of the big Atlantic liner companies is arranging to have moving picture theaters on all its steamers to amuse the passengers on the voyage. The pictures are to be supplemented with phonographic songs and recitations.

CONSTRUCTED HIS OWN GRAVE

Pennsylvania Will Now Arrange for His Funeral and Dig His Wife's Grave.

Having finished his own grave and lined it substantially with granite, Samuel Reinert, of Shoemakerville, Pa., will now dig a grave for his wife. He said:

"I consider it most appropriate that I should dig my own grave. Most men are careful in the selection of their caskets, but pay no attention to their last resting place. It is a matter to which I have paid considerable thought for several years, and I made up my mind that I must have a substantial grave. I have it now. It will lie ages before its granite walls will crumble. This is a comforting reflection. I don't see why lots of men shouldn't have their graves dug and walled out, ready to receive their remains. I don't see anything grewsome in it at all."

Reinert says that he will now begin arrangements for his funeral, such as selection of the pall-bearers, choosing the text from which his sermon is to be preached, the style of shroud, and how his body is to be arranged in the coffin.

Reinert's grave is 7 feet long, 2½ feet wide and 5 feet deep. It is lined with granite, the total weight of stone required being 2,350 pounds. The top stone weighs 7½ pounds, and it took six men to place it in position. It is 2 feet 8 inches wide and 7 feet long. The grave is one of the most substantial in the country.

LITTLE SLOOP'S VOYAGE.

Craft Sailed by Capt. Slocum Covers 46,000 Miles in Three Years and Two Months.

The sloop Spray, in which the owner and captain, Joshua Slocum, sailed almost every part of the world, has arrived at New York.

In the winter of 1892 an old vessel was given Capt. Slocum, and he built the Spray from material taken from the vessel. He sailed April 24, 1895, from Boston for a voyage around the world. He was not accompanied by a dog, a cat or dog. He encountered high seas, head winds and gales, but finally arrived at the Azores, 18 days from home, and on July 24, 1896, he reached the Cape Verde islands and finally reached Pernambuco.

The Spray went ashore on the coast of Uruguay, but was gotten off with little injury. He was caught in a gale rounding Cape Horn, sighted the Marquesas, and was without a port for 72 days.

At the islands of Samoa he was received by King Malietoa and afterward went to Australia and Trinidad. He sailed for home and arrived at Newport on June 27, 1898, after a cruise of more than 46,000 miles. He was absent three years and two months.

Religious Conserving Power.

Man today begins life in a garden of innocence and purity, wherein are the divinity possibilities, but where there is also the subtle spirit awaiting the chance to beguile. In every walk as he grows to maturity, are impressions made on the plastic soul, and ever present is the intelligence, working often for good, but which may in self-sufficiency beguile to evil paths. It is here that religion, preserving, reminding, and guiding—Rev. J. K. Smyth.

Growing Crops in Orchards.

The disadvantage of having grass or growing crops in an orchard is not entirely due to the chance of the crops robbing the soil of fertility needed by the trees. If it was it would be easily remedied by the manure applied to the hoed crops, of which the trees would get their share, or by turning sheep into the orchard to eat the grass and the fallen wormy fruit, who would enrich the soil by their droppings. But the greater trouble comes from the summer and fall droughts when the trees need all the moisture to perfect their fruit. If the grass or other surface crop takes it there will be a large amount of fruit fall which might have been saved if there had been moisture enough to carry it through to maturity. Where water can be supplied by irrigation this difficulty is not as great. —American Cultivator.

NEW FOODS AND CURES.

Recent Inventions for the Healing of the Human Race.

Treatment by Light Which Has Become Popular Among Members of Royalty—Satisfactory Results of Scientific Research.

The past 12 months have been a great time in the world of healing. Three things have been pushed to the front which are helping to revolutionize doctoring.

The most important of these is the light treatment, which has been ardently championed by the princesses of Wales and the dowager empress of Russia. The princess of Wales was so anxious to see the light treatment begun here that she herself brought one of the first sets of apparatus obtainable and presented it to the London hospital.

The idea of the light treatment is that sunlight kills the microbes. In some of the cure establishments of southern Germany sun baths are regularly used, the patient letting the sun pour down on his uncovered body during the hottest part of the day.

In big cities this cannot be done, but Prof. Pinsen, of Copenhagen, elaborated an apparatus by which the rays of the electric light can serve as a substitute for the sun. The bacteria are destroyed by the violet and blue rays only, and, with these rays alone, it is possible to stand a degree of heat which otherwise would be insupportable. If the violet rays of a strong light are properly applied bacteria die.

In London this treatment has during the past few months been largely used for the cure of lupus and skin diseases generally.

But even the most conservative doctors are beginning to see that the light cure may go very much further. They are now planning ways of applying the violet rays, in connection with the Roentgen apparatus, to the lungs of consumptives.

If this proves right, a means will be found for combating a dozen of the most fatal of modern diseases. Even cancer may at last meet a real cure.

Europe is on the eve of a new boom in food. Once beef tallow was all the rage, then port wine was the fad, then came milk. But the fancy food stuff of to-morrow is albumen. Various makes are on the market, most of them coming from Germany and bearing fancy names ending in "on." There are plasmon and tropion and somatone, and others. They are all brownish or whitish powders, and you have only to take a spoonful a day (so the vendors say) to become a new man.

However this may be, the albumen foods are certainly going to boom. In a few months it will be quite the thing for one's hostess to ask: "Do you take a little tropion in your tea?" just as she now asks "any sugar?"

The explorer may forget his sandwiches, but he will be careful to see that his bottle of albumen is safely stored away in his inner pocket.

BARGE OFFICE ROMNCE.

Uncle Sam's Immigration Laws Facilitate the Work of Sweet Master Cupid.

There seem to be manifold opportunities among the immigrants coming to America on shipboard for falling in love, particularly on the slower steamers, when people are thrown together for a period of from 12 to 18 days, writes John Gilmer Speed, in *Albion's*. In this case, a worthy young Russian was cheated out of a very pretty bride by a likely Italian fellow-traveler of the maiden. Strangely enough, she knew not one word of Italian nor he a word of Russian; yet the bride's countryman was jilted and the pantomime lovers were married, and set forth gravely and confidently to learn each other and the great new world they had entered at one and the same time. Another case was equally ludicrous. A Swedish maiden of some what feeble mind fell in love with a fellow voyager, without apprising him of the fact that she was betrothed to another man whom she was to meet at the barge office and marry. It was her intention to hurry ashore with her new lover and outwit the former by a prior ceremony; but the red cape of the office prevented that, and the first lover came to welcome his bride. She then as promptly fell in love with No. 1; but when No. 2 pleaded and threatened, she could not decide which one she loved the better, so she was detained while the two men haunted the barge office glaring at each other. When the detention had elapsed, the bride, still not knowing her mind, was sent unceremoniously back to the steamer that brought her over, both jilted lovers abandoning the field in despair. But on arriving on her native soil once more, the maiden dared not face her people; so back she came, having just money enough to pay her passage, and sent for Lover No. 1, declaring that she loved him the better. He replied that he was very much obliged, but as he had already married a handsome girl in the interval, he was compelled to decline to come for her. The maiden then sent word to No. 2 to like effect, but he declared that he had had enough of the feeble feminine, and thus in defeat the maiden was transported back again to face the leers and jeers of her native hamlet.

American Dentists in Germany.

There are 12,000 practicing dentists in the German empire. American dentists or German dentists who have received their education in the United States command the best fees and are held in the highest respect.

Heating of Substances.

Water is the hardest of all substances to heat, with the single exception of hydrogen gas. The easiest two are mercury and lead, which stand in this respect on nearly the same footing.

Electricity on the Ranch.

Electricity is to be used on a large ranch in Lower California this winter for a variety of purposes. A unique feature, it is said, will be the placing of several searchlights on the mountains overlooking the ranch, thus replacing the old system of night riding to prevent the thief. The tender of each light will be provided with a signal code, by which he can flash information to the other light tenders and anyone who may be out among the cattle. Each light tender will also have at hand a telephone connected with the main ranch. All parts of the ranch will be provided with telephone stations, and an electric light plant will be installed at the ranch, all of the buildings being illuminated with electricity. —Little Chronicle.

PRaises Paris Fair.

Californian Returns Full of Enthusiasm Over the Great Exposition.

M. H. De Young, of San Francisco, president of the board of United States commissioners to the Paris exposition, arrived at New York the other day on the steamer New York. Mr. De Young was most enthusiastic over the exposition, saying:

"The Paris exposition is the greatest the world has ever seen. In my this unqualifiedly, notwithstanding the many adverse criticisms which have been indulged in by many American visitors. In its display of manufactures, in science, and in art the exhibition is simply complete. There is not a line of anything useful by man for transportation, comfort, or luxury, in any branch of manufactures, which is lacking. Its educational value is practically unlimited. I fail to understand upon what are based the adverse criticisms indulged in not only by visitors ignorant of expositions but by intelligent and prominent citizens. I am afraid many of these have not observed carefully or at length."

"I am proud to say," he continued, "that Americans took 2,000 awards, or one-third of the entire number awarded. The Americans at the exposition were the most lavish entertainers of any nation, and of the Americans the most enthusiastic hosts were the Californians. The people from my state spent \$350,000 in taking care of guests and friends. If all the States had done as well as California there could be no criticism of the American showing at the exposition."

SAYS WEDDING WAS JOKE.

Mock Marriage in Elite St. Louis Society Causes Serious Trouble.

A supposed mock marriage between Miss Mary B. Carroll and Joseph R. Hoffmann has resulted in a serious predicament for those two popular young society folks of the west end of St. Louis. The bride is generally considered the prettiest girl in Cabanne. The wedding ceremony was performed in one of the parlors of the Cabanne club by Judge W. W. Henderson, of the probate court, in the presence of a number of friends of the contracting parties.

The ceremony was exactly the same in every detail as that set forth by the statutes of Missouri. The judge asked the usual questions in regular order and the couple gave responses. The only thing lacking was a marriage license, but authorities on marriage laws, among whom are several circuit judges, declare that a license is not necessary and that a marriage ceremony such as occurred in this instance is strictly legal in every sense of the word and binding on both parties. In order to straighten out the legal tangle a separation by law may be necessary.

KISS HAS MADE TROUBLE.

Frivolity Among Young People 'Frowned on by the Mennonites and Punished.

It was only a kiss, yet it has created a great disturbance among the Mennonite sects. A farmer's son, just turned 18, caught a pretty girl of the same age about the waist and planted a kiss smack on her rosy cheek. It was at an impromptu game during an apple butter boiling party.

Such parties are not generally given among Mennonites. By chance a number of young people gathered at a big farmhouse at night, and while a lad and a lass stood at the long-handled stirrer where the large boiler hung in the great open fireplace over a blazing wood fire in the kitchen, the others started the old game of Copehagen.

They formed a ring, but just as the first kiss was given one of the elders chanced to visit the farm and came upon the scene in time to see the kiss. Kissing games are forbidden by these people because they are entirely too worldly.

The report is that the elder will surely bring the whole matter up before the next meeting. The only public kissing that they tolerate is the holy kiss at love feasts, or at the selection of their ministers by lot.

At the latter functions the mother or the wife or the sisters may greet the chosen pastor with a kiss upon his cheek. Any brother may also do the same. But the friendly kiss in frolic or in public games is absolutely forbidden.

There is no telling what punishment may be meted out to the young farmer's son who was detected by the elder. His excuse to his father the next morning was that he had just started a game of fun, and that he had kissed the girl before he knew it, or at least before he thought. The old farmer sternly replied:

"You knew it was wrong. About the only thing you've got to do is to go and marry her, now. Why, she'll carry that kiss all through her life. They'll never forget it. They'll say: 'Why, she's the girl so and so kissed. He had his arm around her waist.' Shame on you to forget your duty!"

It is also known that the girl received a severe lecture from her parents, and her punishment will be seclusion all winter. —N. Y. Sun.

Increase in Price of Salt.

On the 1st of July, 1900, the price of salt in Germany was advanced from 8 marks to 8.70 marks (\$1.90 to \$2.07) per 120 pounds. The salt mines of the country are owned and operated by the government. The increase is attributed to the rise in the price of labor.

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RICH HAVE HARVEST DANCE.

Interesting and Fun-Providing Festival Given by Mrs. Fish at Newport.

The crowning event of the season of 1900 at Newport took place the other night—"harvest festival dance"—and it fell to the lot of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish to give this function.

Previous to the dance Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, who was associated with Mrs. Fish in the arrangements for the dance, gave a dinner to 112 guests at Rose Cliff. As soon as the dinner was over the guests entered the carriage and automobiles and the journey to Crossways was begun. At the gateway of Crossways, surmounting the two massive stone posts, were two huge pumpkins made into "jack-o'-lanterns," each one 12 feet in circumference and inside were brilliant calcium lights. All the trees and shrubbery about the grounds were brilliantly illuminated by twinkling lights.